NATIONAL REVIEW

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November 9, 1957

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

Our Strategic Blind Alley

MAJ. GEN. CHARLES A. WILLOUGHBY

The Context of Liberalism

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

A Roosevelt Rhapsody

RAYMOND MOLEY

Articles and Reviews by · · · · · WM. F. BUCKLEY, JR.

RUSSELL KIRK · WILLMOORE KENDALL · ROBERT PHELPS

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN · PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

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For the Record

The United States Court of Appeals has upheld the right of the State Department to refuse to issue a passport on the basis of confidential information. The case in point was the Department's refusal to authorize foreign travel for a Corning, New York, cosmic ray physicist, Weldon Bruce Dayton, who has been known to associate with Communist Party members....The Supreme Court has turned down still another appeal — the seventh — of convicted atom spy Morton Sobell....The Emergency Civil Liberties Union (vice chairman, Corliss Lamont) assures all those "hounded" by the Federal Bureau of Investigation that they are not legally bound to talk to FBI agents.

More than 80 per cent of the American working force received paid vacations of three or more weeks in 1957, according to a recent bank report. In contrast, just ten years ago, in 1947, only 16.6 per cent received three weeks vacation.

The suspension of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters from the AFL-CIO — if sustained — will cost the Federation 10 per cent of its annual income, the $800,000 per capita tax the Teamsters have been paying....Teamsters' union members rode through United Auto Workers picket lines at two National Steel Cabinet Company plants in Chicago because, said the Teamsters, the pickets were illegal. The UAW was accused of bringing in pickets from other plants to enforce its strike.

A British diplomat, geared by a diet of Wild West and gang war movies to expect violence on Main Street, was an eyewitness to the Anastasia slaying. He admitted later to reporters that he paid no attention to it. He thought it was only a film sequence.

The American Jewish Congress has adopted a resolution criticizing the U.S. decision not to sign a UN treaty on human rights.... Since the 1950 invasion of South Korea, nearly two billion dollars in military and civilian aid have poured in to Seoul, of which the United States contributed over two thirds ($1.4 billion) and 35 other UN countries the remaining $600 million.

A bargain discovered in last week's offering by the Government Printing Office: for only $1.50 (complete with 43 illustrations), Mississippian Cephalopods of Northern and Eastern Alaska.

NATIONAL REVIEW

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

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The WEEK

● The breezes blowing upon the Attorney-General's office of late did not all use the same words, but they all conveyed the same meaning. Those coming up from the South, where congressmen and senators alike have been thinking up questions to put to Mr. Brownell in next year's committee hearings, hissed "Go! They will take it out of your hide for Little Rock." Those drifting down from New York purred "Come! We will give you rich rewards—a governorship mayhap—for Little Rock." So Mr. Brownell, a man who is never uncertain whether he is coming or going, went. And Southern wrath will have to blow itself out on the head of Mr. Brownell's successor, William P. Rogers—who surely can't be blamed, can he? for the sins of his predecessor.

● Moscow radio has announced that "a small, shaggy dog named Kudryavka" is being conditioned to travel on the next Soviet satellite. The first passenger on a U.S. satellite will, of course, be Eleanor Roosevelt.

● When the Mutual Broadcasting System refused to allow Dean Manion's "Forum of Opinion" to broadcast a speech by President Herbert V. Kohler of the Kohler Company, it cited possible libel damages as its excuse. It now turns out that Mr. Kohler's instances of violence committed by United Automobile Workers men during the three-year strike at Kohler had all been set forth innumerable times in print without provoking any libel action. What is more, both Dean Manion and the Kohler Company itself offered the Mutual network a guarantee against damages. Is this outrageous act of censorship an indication of the policy that is going to be followed by Mutual's new owners?

● Americans, so statisticians tell us, spend more annually for government than they do for food. Is this an example of putting first things first, or it is merely proof that politicians have bigger appetites than the rest of us?

● Guatemala appears to be back to normal for a Latin American state: an Army Junta has assumed command, as caretaker for a new president who will be chosen at an election to be held at some indefinite date off in the future. But the incidents of the last days by no means belong to the usual pattern of Latin American politics. The urban masses—which have in the past decades gone into the street only in La Paz, Bogotá and Buenos Aires—intervened directly to force invalidation of the recent, obviously rigged, elections; having got their way, they will no doubt be back again; and their power is, judging from current reports, unlikely to be used on behalf of the group the United States placed in charge when it helped turn out the Communist-dominated Arbenz Government two years ago. Guatemala, in a word, is in for further trouble; which means we Americans still have a good deal to learn about the management of puppet regimes—which, like other regimes, have to remain in office if they are to be useful.

● The Department of Agriculture has backed out of a soil bank agreement which would have entitled the Casa Grande Valley Country Club in Arizona to nearly four thousand dollars for not planting cotton on its golf course. Well, things are tough all over.

● For twelve days Siam, the lady elephant who escaped from her camp in the Catskills, foiled the relentless pursuit of her trainer, of an African wild game hunter, of a professional trapper, of the State Forest Rangers, of the State Police, and of a helicopter. With gentle determination she ignored the broadcast over a public address system of the mating calls of a bull elephant, destroyed a tree to which the hunters had managed to chain her, outwalked her trainer when he got a firm grip on her tail. Exhaustion, hunger, loneliness and a cold in the trunk finally stopped her. She awaited her pursuers, and followed them meekly to a warm trailer stocked with hay, an elephant-sized hanky and two other elephants. After thirteen years of social security she had lost the knack of freedom.

● On Wednesday last, craggy Carl Sandburg recited his latest poem, "Chicago Dynamic," at a ceremony saluting Chicago's construction industry. The writing of the poem and its recitation were commissioned by U.S. Steel. Not long ago another American poet, Brooklyn's Marianne Moore, was hired by the Ford Motor Company to help name the car now called the Edsel. "Edsel" won out over Miss Moore's more fanciful "Taper Racer," "Mongoose" and "Tir a l'arc" (Bull's-eye), but Ford nonetheless expressed its gratitude to Miss Moore for her rhetorical assistance. Could it be that that perennial stepchild of the artistic world, the serious poet, is finally coming into his own? Can we look forward to a brave new world in which even "Post-Toasties" will have its very own Poet Laureate?

● The British War Ministry finds that it has on hand an 800-years supply of women's long woolen underwear, at the present rate of issue. It seems that nothing, not even the toughest (male or female) sergeant-major can persuade the lassies of the

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Women's Royal Army Corps to don them. Who said that the spirit of Runnymede has faded?

● Fine distinctions are drawn in the code of etiquette subscribed to by President Buell Gallagher of City College. "No," he said, the Marxist Study Group may *not* invite Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, Communist convicted under the Smith Act, to lecture on the New York City election. "Yes," he said, it *may* invite Max Gordon, Communist editor of the *Daily Worker*, to lecture on the same subject. For President Gallagher, apparently, it's all a question of which hand shall administer the poison.

● Without the training of a single undercover man, the Soviets manage to collect all they need to know about the location of our major industries, military installations, power plants and major lines of communication. Their source: the brochures thrust upon accredited Soviet diplomats when they visit Chambers of Commerce throughout the country. Fortunately, the Justice Department is skilled in counter-espionage. It now finds out where the Soviet diplomats are going and asks the Chambers of Commerce en route to send it the same literature they give the Soviets.

Day of No Return

On November 7 in all of the world's capital cities the representatives of the free nations, at the bidding of the local minister plenipotentiary of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, will do honor to the fortieth anniversary of what has come to be called "the Russian revolution." Few symbols of our time are more grotesque than the world-wide toasts to be drunk that day as the Bolshevik legions, vaunting their new weapons and new slogans, parade through Red Square before the eye of their current leader. It was he who, two months ago, in an interview with one of those very Western statesmen who on November 7 will be drinking to the Revolution, summed up his Party's unchanged, unchanging goal in a phrase of ultimate clarity: "We will bury you."

Is it not as if the condemned man drank a toast to his executioner?

The Communist lie begins at the beginning, with the very concept of "the Russian revolution" to which the whole world does obeisance each November 7. There was no such revolution.

What happened on November 7, 1917 (October 25 by the old Russian calendar) was merely a military *coup d'état* by a "military revolutionary committee" acting for the central committee of the Bolsheviks, according to a secret decision taken on October 23.

The Bolshevik *coup d'état* was so far from representing the settled will of the Russian people that Leon Trotsky, head of the military committee, himself wrote: "If we had not taken power in November, we would never have taken it." And Lenin declared that the issue hung "on a hair."

The first acts of the insurrectionary leaders were to smash the democratically representative provisional government, arrest its ministers, disperse the democratically elected Constituent Assembly, outlaw one after another all the other political parties, and initiate the Red terror. From its beginning, as today, the Bolshevik rule has had no other claim to legitimacy than force, lies and terror.

There *was* a Russian revolution in 1917, a revolution that arose from the depths of a people weary with war and corruption and hunger and ostentatious privilege. Spontaneously the people poured into the streets and village squares, demanding an end to the imperial rule of the Tsars, which they saw as the root of their misery, and asking for a new regime responsive to their will and their needs. It was toward such a regime that the representative provisional government, though under the heavy tribulations of military defeat and economic collapse, was moving. This revolution, all but forgotten, began not on November 7 but on March 8 (February 23 old style), 1917. And it was this revolution—democratic in origin, constitutional in aspiration—that the Bolsheviks, on November 7, destroyed.

The Bolshevik coup in its first stage achieved the enslavement of the peoples of the Russian Empire—the Russians themselves, the Ukrainians, Byelorussians, Georgians, Kazakhs, Armenians and the others. From the geographical and human base thus established, the Bolsheviks aim at the expanding enslavement of the entire world, toward which end they pursue their undeviating, and so far victorious, course.

By sharing in the Satanic celebration of the fortieth anniversary of that world-dividing day, we align ourselves with the masters of the Kremlin. Clasping their hands, our own become stained with the blood of their victims. And to that shame we add a crowning absurdity: forewarned, we thrust our own necks into the waiting noose.

A Dialogue Resumed

What really happened at the Eisenhower-Macmillan meetings? One way to put it is to say that the United States and England, finding themselves "behind" the Soviet Union in the missiles "race," are now moving to "pool their resources," to accomplish a more "efficient" division of labor, and, in due course, to bring other nations of the "free world" that may

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have something to contribute into a new "plan." All that, however, is a lesser part of what may be seen behind the formal verbiage.

There is no such thing as "free world"; but there is such a thing as European Civilization, and the tragedy of the past ten years has been the failure of that civilization to recognize the scope of the Communist menace, and to feel the confidence that would enable it to fight off Soviet barbarism as it has fought off the barbarisms of the past. Where others see "a deal," NATIONAL REVIEW senses a spiritual event of the first importance, namely: a possible beginning of European Civilization's rediscovery of itself.

America's crime during the past decade has been that of fighting the enemy without admitting to itself that it was at war. Western Europe's and Britain's crime—understandable perhaps in view of their proximity to the Red Army—has been that of renouncing the fight altogether, of lulling themselves with the illusion that there was no enemy to fight. Each has been at fault in maintaining a situation wherein they could not think together, and learn from one another. Mr. Macmillan is to be congratulated for having taken the initiative—outside the artificial framework of existing "international organizations"—in rebridging the Atlantic.

Management Pot, Labor Kettle

The McClellan Committee, showing a real concern for impartial justice and smart politics has turned up some startling evidence of management's own share in recent "improper activities in the Labor or Management field." The doings—for hire—of a "consultant" outfit called Labor Relations Associates of Chicago, Inc., run by Nathan W. Shefferman, promise to match the shenanigans of Beck, Hoffa and Company if and when the tale is finally told.

It is a foregone conclusion that labor, smarting from the blows dealt to it by previous McClellan Committee revelations, will seize upon the evidence of management-financed union wrecking to salve its own pride. The air will be rent with *tu quoques*, with loud cries of "You're another," as soon as Congress moves to repeal old or enact new labor legislation. And, while it may be a "thin line" of equity, as Senator McClellan has said, which gives workers the right to get outside aid in organizing and denies management the equivalent right of consulting with its own "experts" in opposing unionization, it sure looks funny when one of those "experts" takes the Fifth Amendment some forty times during the course of a day's questioning.

It will be a great mistake, however, if Congress and the American people allow themselves to be drawn off into a long argument about the relative guilt of management and labor as revealed by the operations of the McClellan Committee's compulsory confessional. What should be at issue is bad labor law. It is the law which has permitted the rise of union monopolies, bringing in their train the many abuses which flourish on both sides of the labor-management fence. It is the legalized compulsory union shop which permits labor leadership to deal with its membership as so many captives: even in the relatively more honest unions an individual has little recourse against a callous and undemocratic union hierarchy. Finally, it is the legalized exemption of the unions from the provisions of the anti-trust acts which impels management to seek the aid, not of law, but of agents who are adept at dealing collusively and surreptitiously with union organizers.

What is needed is a change in basic concepts and basic legislation, not a carnival of name-calling by Management Pots and Labor Kettles, all of them black.

Vice-Presidential Whipsaw

What looks like a whipsawing operation seems to be under way in Washington, with Vice President Nixon heading it up.

It started a few weeks ago, when the Vice President warned the American people that an increase in armament expenditures, prompted by Soviet successes in rocketry, might make it foolhardy for Congress to entertain ideas of a tax cut for 1958. The hints that we must spend more for military strength without trying to slash elsewhere have continued to come from the Vice President's camp: only last week *New York Times* correspondent James Reston, writing enthusiastically about the "post-Sputnik Nixon," remarked that "the Vice President is aware of the dangers of taking on this kind of rough-and-tumble in an election year . . . when the popular thing to do is merely to add new missiles and to cut everything else, including taxes."

Obviously, Mr. Nixon has put himself out front in an effort to get the White House off a hook. The voters have virtually been promised a tax cut, which could be made if the Administration were only willing to abandon such projects as increased social security, federal aid to education, more aid to India and Poland, and more subsidies to non-farming farmers. Unwilling to cut back on welfare-state spending, however, the Administration is hoping to create a propaganda climate in which the cry for more money for missiles will drown out the voices which have been demanding non-military economy.

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The phoniness of this whipsawing operation is pointed up by the fact that the lack of money has not been a major obstacle to our missile program. Taxes could be substantially cut without touching missile research and development.

P.S. Can Vice President Nixon tell us whatever became of the Hoover reports? The savings created by the adoption of the Hoover Commission recommendations would easily solve his missile problem, and give us a tax cut, too.

Khrushchev as Brinkman

As the Kremlin knows, talk about "disarmament" and "coexistence" is for political children. For grown-ups, the main line of serious Communist propaganda has for some while been brutally simple: we are the stronger, so you had best knuckle under.

During the ill-starred Anglo-French Suez action, Moscow broadcast vague references to nuclear rockets. Britain and France pulled out. Though to an historian's eye it was President Eisenhower who compelled the withdrawal, Moscow has ever since boasted that the Red rockets were responsible.

In the present Mideast crisis, Moscow hurled daily threats against Turkey. The Soviet radio declared that Turkey, backed by the United States, planned to attack Syria October 28, the day following the Turkish election. Naturally, since the plan existed only in the Soviet propaganda office, there was no attack. But now Moscow is trying its best to make the world believe that it was only the fear of Soviet might that forced the U.S. and its puppet, Turkey, to back down.

Khrushchev revealed what he was trying to accomplish by a typical piece of Communist naiveté. On October 24 he complained publicly and bitterly because, he said, Secretary Dulles was preventing the U.S. press from publishing the news of the Soviet threats! Could it be that even after Sputnik there were men who did not tremble when he roared?

In a flat paragraph of their joint communiqué, Prime Minister Macmillan and President Eisenhower coldly called that bluff:

"We were in full agreement that: Soviet threats directed against Turkey give solemn significance to the obligation, under Article 5 of the North Atlantic Treaty, to consider an armed attack against any member of the alliance as an attack against all."

Christian Dior, Entrepreneur

Christian Dior was, in some ways, an amiable fraud. He could, in that shy, hesitant voice of his, tell a roomful of women that the new silhouette of the season had come over him in a flash; that suddenly he had seen it, the flow, the movement, the line, the *je ne sais quoi* that inferentially made Dior, DIOR. No one knew better than he that this was malarkey, if *à la Français*, but it was an essential mask for Dior's role as modest genius of *haute couture*. For it was behind that amiable disguise that another Dior operated, the successful business executive and shrewd public relations man.

What made Dior the acknowledged tsar of French fashions in recent years was not that his styles were always more entrancing than others—sometimes they were, sometimes they weren't—but that Dior made Dior front-page, not merely fashion, news.

When he lengthened skirts in his 1947 New Look, men simply loathed him, and they loathed him over every medium of mass communication. Hate was transmuted into joy and joy into more headlines, when the master brought the hem back to half-calf the following year. And in the ringing hosannas which ensued, no one noticed that the ladies, ignoring Dior, continued to wear their skirts long.

In the early 50's, Dior came up with the H-(for *haricot vert*—string bean) line whose express purpose was to do away with the feminine bosom. Marilyn Monroe, Sophia Loren and Gina Lollobrigida immediately filed protests; and Jane Russell, fortuitously in Paris, put the H-line to the acid test. She wedged herself into a white satin creation to

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the ripping of seams, popping of flashbulbs and clatter of international teletypes.

"H" was followed by "Y"—low décolletage accompanied by wolf whistles, from Art Buchwald on up. And "Y" by "A"—that "A"-line that made the ladies, God bless them, look like tents. And for Dior, lots of them did. At this point, as acknowledged master of the fashion alphabet, Professor Dior donned cap and gown and gave a lecture at the Sorbonne on the importance of fashion in French culture (Several Sagan types, legally enrolled in Culture 2A, were trampled by dowagers, and the riot squad was summoned. It was the most popular lecture of the year).

With publicity antics such as these—most of them genuinely funny; with the opening of a boutique where women who didn't have the $800 necessary for a creation could buy Dior perfume, Dior stockings, Dior gloves, Dior shoes, Dior scarves, Dior jewelry, Dior anything you like in the apparel line; with these and other gimmicks, Christian Dior parlayed his 1946 dress shop into a $20 million-a-year-business.

We are not so indiscreet as to pass on Dior's stature as a plastic designer. We do, however, mourn the loss of an energetic, enterprising capitalist who, in the face of high taxation and shrinking incomes, could and did make a thriving business out of *haute couture.*

Party Manners

"Party struggles give a Party strength and life . . . A Party becomes stronger by purging itself."

V. I. Lenin

If the Administration really wants to reduce the budget, one way to save a good many millions, without risk of damage to the nation's interest, would be by firing all the experts on Soviet internal politics. Nor do we propose any replacement. The rational attitude toward the details of Soviet purges and counter-purges is the one adopted by the Soviet masses: profound indifference.

The basic error of the established experts, which has led them to their clownish flop on Zhukov, is a misunderstanding of the structure of Soviet power. In the totalitarian society of the Soviet Union there is only *one* power institution: the Party. Zhukov does not "represent the Army" in the Party committees, any more than Malenkov "represented" the managers or *X* the peasants. Zhukov, Malenkov and *X* are Party militants assigned to Party duty in Army, industry, agriculture, diplomacy or wherever.

So long as the internecine struggle is held within the framework of a monolithic Party, so long as there is no development within Soviet society of a power formation independent of the monolithic Party, the individual shifts are of major significance only to the individuals who are shifting. To speculate on the precise meaning of the shifts, to try to predict them in advance, is doubly a waste of time: because, from the outside, it is no more than arbitrary guesswork; and because in relation to the real challenge of Soviet power and the real problem of meeting that challenge, the particular ups and downs and ins and outs don't make any difference.

To paraphrase Marx: our problem is not to understand the Soviet leaders but to defeat them.

Right on the Button

"The military, presently represented by Marshal Zhukov . . . seems to have become the decisive element where force or the threat of force was required to support a political decision."

Allen W. Dulles, Director of the Central Intelligence Agency, September 20, 1957

". . . Nikita S. Khrushchev must now be regarded as probably holding his high post almost on sufferance. . . . The real power in the Soviet state structure is now very largely concentrated in the hands of Marshal Zhukov."

Column of the Brothers Alsop, "Matter of Fact," October 25, 1957

"The Presidium of the USSR Supreme Soviet has relieved Marshal of the Soviet Union Zhukov of his duties as USSR Minister of Defense."

Announcement of Tass, official Soviet news agency, October 27, 1957

A reader has just bought one-year gift subscriptions to NATIONAL REVIEW for New Jersey's delegates to Congress. (Omitted from the list was Senator Case: "No use wasting money on *him,*" said our friend. Though, come to think of it, maybe it's Senator Case who needs NATIONAL REVIEW most of all.) If any reader in another state is interested in matching this happy idea, we will gladly advise him of the cost of subscriptions for his own state's congressional delegation.

Our Contributors: RALPH DE TOLEDANO ("The Context of Liberalism") is co-author of *Seeds of Treason,* and author of *Spies, Dupes and Diplomats* and *Day of Reckoning.* . . . RAYMOND MOLEY ("A Roosevelt Rhapsody"), well-known author and editor of *Newsweek,* was a charter member of the New Deal Brain Trust.

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The Liberal Line...

WILLMOORE KENDALL

Operation Blurring-of-Distinctions

The British Parliament, it used to be said, can do anything except make a man a woman (and, *legally* speaking, can do even that). The Liberal movement, as it has developed through the decades since the French Revolution saddled us with the idea of the "rights of man and of citizen"—of rights inhering in all individuals by the mere fact of their being individuals, and entirely without regard to the duties they perform—is under no such limitation. If all God's chillun got rights, the same rights, then the distinction between man and woman, that between elder and youth, that between folk of good family and folk of indifferent family, that between the intellectually and morally excellent members of the community and the dregs of the community, are irrelevant for purposes of statecraft. Being irrelevant, they must not be allowed to get in the way; and if they cannot be abolished then at least they can be blurred, and made to seem unreal and arbitrary.

The Liberal Establishment understands all that very well and—both in its day-to-day conduct of the nation's business and through the propaganda outlets—pours a lot of energy into what we may call Operation Blurring-of-Distinctions. The purpose, as this columnist sees it, is to rear up a breed of human being that looks out on its world and sees not men and women, whites and Negroes, aristocrats and plebeians, saints and sinners, etc., but indistinguishable units bearing identical rights (to equality of opportunity, to a job, to a high standard of living, to security, to die peacefully in bed rather than get killed in a war)—all without interesting distinctions among them except, of course, that between rulers (that is, bureaucrats of various ranks) and ruled (that is, people who obey bureaucrats of various ranks).

And the purpose of this column is to call attention to another traditional distinction that may well be on its way out of the door.

Congress has provided, in the D.C. Code (47-801: 1951), that "churches" (that is, "buildings used primarily for religious worship") and, also, "buildings belonging to religious corporations or societies primarily used for religious worship [and] study," shall be exempted from certain specified taxes. The D.C. taxing authorities, acting upon their reading of the statute, deny exemption from real estate taxes to the Washington Ethical Society, on the grounds that it is neither a "church" nor a "religious corporation."

Judge Morgan's Opinion

The Society then appeals to the United States Tax Court, asking it to order the taxing authorities to grant it the exemption. And we have before us, as Exhibit A, an opinion by Judge Jo V. Morgan denying the petition. His mood, as he reveals it in the fourteen two-column pages of fine print, is that of a man who would like to grant the petition, and is willing to consider every possible argument in favor of doing so; and his task—because he is clearly prisoner to the traditional distinction between that which is a church or religious corporation and that which is not—is to explain why he has no alternative but to deny it. He recognizes that the society calls itself, in its by-laws, a "religious fellowship," that, like a church, it conducts Sunday services and "weddings, funerals, and naming ceremonies," that, like a church, it has doctrines and ethical principles that it seeks to inculcate, and that, again like a church, it "makes better men and women" of the persons it reaches.

He cannot agree, however, that *being like* a church or religious society in some respects is the same thing as *being* a church; he is, rather, obliged to call attention to some important differences between the Ethical Society and a church, and between that which takes place in the Society's building and the "religious worship" that takes place in a church. It does not, for one thing, appear to have any "member who believes in a Supreme Being or divine power to be worshipped and obeyed as the creator and ruler of the universe." The worship in which it engages, for another thing, is not "religious worship" because

> The generally accepted definition of religion, and the meaning thereof which Congress intended is . . . "belief in a relation to a Supreme Being, involving duties superior to those arising from any human relations," but does not include essentially political, sociological, or philosophical views of a merely personal moral code.

On the contrary: the Society, as "evidenced by the various books, pamphlets, and treatises [it relies on in its petition], is opposed to the belief in, and worship of any personal God or Supreme Being or beings." In a word: "Reverence for morality, ethics, and right living is not religious worship"; and the Society must pay its taxes.

The Last Say

What other decision could he have reached, you ask? Ah, but you put it that way because you are yourself the prisoner of the traditional distinction Judge Morgan is explicating, and perhaps of the idea that traditional distinctions should be maintained. Not so Judge Burger of the United States Court of Appeals, to whom Judge Morgan's decision was in due course appealed. He disposes of the question in a mere three or four hundred words, on the grounds a) that the Tax Court has not suggested any doubt about the good faith of the petitioners in *believing* that their society is religious in character, b) that one of Webster's definitions of "worship" is "to perform religious services," and, inevitably of course, c) "To construe exemptions so strictly that unorthodox or minority forms of worship would be denied the exemption benefits granted to those conforming to the majority beliefs might well raise constitutional issues." The Society, in a word, does not have to pay its taxes, and Judge Burger, of course, has the last say.

I repeat: No prisoner he.

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Our Strategic Blind Alley

The folly of Western political and military policy, says Major General Willoughby, has enabled the USSR to overtake—and possibly to checkmate—the West's military potential

CHARLES A. WILLOUGHBY

I propose, in the present article, to subject the strategic position of the United States to the techniques of analysis I have learned and practiced in the course of a long and, I hope, useful military career.

I make the following assumptions:

Disarmament negotiations can now be filed away as one more "noble experiment"—and a further Canossa for the West since the Russians made good use of them: while demanding that nuclear tests be discontinued they accelerated their own missile-firing and were able, finally, to announce a successful 5,000-mile model.

Western intelligence has not penetrated, and is not likely to penetrate, the Iron Curtain—in part because espionage agents in Russia face torture and death, with no Supreme Court waiting in the wings to give them reprieve. We have, in consequence, no reliable evidence proving that the Russians do not have a workable intercontinental missile, and cannot assume that they don't. They certainly have a long-range Schnorkel-type submarine and a superior twin-engine jet-bomber—to say nothing of the Sputnik.

Russian technological advances, we may note in passing, are punishment for our political sins. It was we who drove Germany's military technicians into the Russian orbit—to escape the sinister absurdities of "*Volksgerichte*" and post-factum "War Crimes tribunals." The Schnorkel, the jet and the rocket were, all three, initially of German design.

The West weakened itself greatly during the years of the so-called deterrent by taking the latter seriously. Only a perfunctory minimum of conventional defensive armament was developed in the decade following Hiroshima. Russia, meanwhile, armed to the teeth.

The West, at the end of the period, had less than *one-fifth* of the number of ready divisions it had maintained in an average prewar year (1928), as witness the following table:

Country	WW I	1928	WW II	1957 (NATO)
Benelux	18	17	20	4.5
U.S.	34	12	79	5
United Kingdom	89	23	49	5
France	118	30	90	2
Germany	228	10	190	3
Italy	45	28	50	8
Russia	225	95	225	175

Witness also the recent statements of top Western commanders. General Norstad requests at least 30 Divisions on the Denmark-Switzerland front. NATO naval Commanders (1957) commented on exercise Seawitch: ". . . these forces are at present inadequate in view of the enormous number of Soviet submarines. . . ." The obvious discrepancy between Russian and NATO "ready" divisions was in itself an adequate reason for not discussing disarmament at the present juncture.

Moreover, by any professional military standards, the troop dispositions along the crucial European front (Denmark-Switzerland) violate the basic principles of war: that of "mass," that of "economy of force," and that of the "objective."

Military Follies

The decline of the West, like the story of Carthage and Rome, is traceable to violations of the principles that apply to diplomacy as well as to war; indeed, diplomatic blunders may well have played the major role. In the chill climate of the "cold war," the West is now confronted with parrying another blow, a Russian claim of the most sinister potential: a long-range nuclear missile, in the hands of power-drunk megalomaniacs without moral or ethical restraints and with a known record of consistent perfidy and violence. The hordes of Genghis Khan are on the move! But our concern here is with the military errors that produced our present situation.

The finest crop of suicidal follies in the military area is to be found in the fields of aviation and nuclear armaments. For one thing, as we have already noted, the harsh and punitive handling of postwar Germany (irresponsible de-Nazification and the threat of "war criminality") drove the most important German technicians in airplane and rocket design into the arms of the Russians, who thus obtained expert management for their industrial production—and, make no mistake about it, the present quality of Soviet planes and weapons is inexplicable on any other grounds. Secondly, there is the almost casual manner in which, thanks to Harry Truman, our all-important nuclear inventions slipped from Allied into Russian hands. Some notes taken at MacArthur's Headquarters in 1945 throw light on this:

> . . . Japan was ready for the *coup de grâce* as early as October 1944 and it could have been administered with conventional weapons. With Japan's weakness completely revealed, the employment of the atomic bomb had no justification.
>
> . . . . It is rare in military history that a nation obtains a monopoly on a hitherto secret weapon or technique of *absolute* supremacy. Had Truman kept the atomic bomb a secret, the American politico-military position today would be impregnable. Premature exposure led to intensified Russian espionage through a sinister element of modern decadence—the fifth column, the native traitor, the citizen saboteur. . . .

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The West does not appear to learn from experience. In both World Wars the "intelligence" services parachuted weapons by the thousand to every partisan of the moment, from Yugoslavia to Malaya. The fruits of this suicidal folly became apparent in North Korea, in 1951, when illiterate Chinese coolies could press the trigger of Czech automatic rifles and knock off American draftees in high school or collegiate categories, an economic wastage of appalling significance. The white man is an expensive and limited commodity; soon the European conscript was to be outnumbered a hundred to one.

Fortunately, Western genius for complex machinery has come to the rescue, temporarily, through the development of expensive aircraft, ships and guns and the ultimate nuclear weapon. Instruments of "mass destruction" in being or under design could stem the flood of Communist cannon-fodder provided again that these instruments were withheld from potential enemies. This is what we forgot to the nth degree when it came to safeguarding the Western atomic arsenal. This is no time for "sharing" a scarce commodity of which we have the major supply. "Peaceful use" of atomic energy is a semantic opiate that only blurs hard realities. And we forget it out of the chronic malaise of parliamentary democracies: inefficient security and intelligence services, inadequate civil and moral discipline, and political philosophies that cannot cope with Communist techniques of infiltration and conquest.

U.S. Overextension

The U.S. was the major blunderer. Not content with having demobilized in 1945, it went ahead to adopt the policy of "containment" generally ascribed to George Kennan of the State Department—the idea of which was to meet the Russians everywhere with equivalent resistance, as in the famous Bismarckian policy of "*Zug um Zug*," but with an important difference: Bismarck had the balanced means to back up his moves. We palpably had not. Our solution was an enormous global overextension. In a single decade, we entered into at least thirty to forty international pacts, treaties or agreements of variable degrees of intensity. We established air or naval bases in 25 localities. They are not all of equal importance and not all are immediately vulnerable. But multiple commitments and overextension violate the two basic principles of war—*mass* (strength at the point of decision) and *economy of force* (one cannot be strong everywhere).

This adventurous string of explosive military pacts was possibly warranted in the short breathing-spell between Hiroshima (1945) and the theft of our atomic secrets (1948)—so long, that is to say, as there was any reason to believe that the "deterrent" was our monopoly and would protect everybody anywhere. This naive theory collapsed, however, the moment the Russians produced their own "deterrent" (1951). Thereafter, our commitments over enormous geographical distances were clearly workable only if we were prepared to intervene with our air power whenever it was needed to back them up, and wherever American prestige required it.

Ready Divisions

Even on the most favorable assumptions about the future, the fact of physical overextension is now obvious. So is the fact that the enormous military manpower of the Soviets and satellites, including Red China, operating on interior lines, is not only able to match any U.S. "containing" force at every point but also to top that force in ready divisions. In the fast-moving atomic age, there is no time for "conventional mobilization." It will take the U.S. from two to four months to ship out its reserve divisions—if the sea lanes remain open. Anyone will see what the situation is if, with our global commitments in mind, he sits down and studies the size and disposition of the West's forces against those of the enemy.

As recently as 1928, the West maintained 122 ready divisions in the crucial Central European area alone. In 1957, under an infinitely greater mortal threat, it can scrape together only 17-19 divisions.

Korea admirably illustrates our predicament: in 1951 a thousand American planes, operating on a front of only some 200 miles, could not prevent the massing and advance of 75 Red Chinese divisions (approximately a million men) from Manchuria to the South Korean border. Today, with the Russians leading on every front with ready divisions, with the somnolent reliance of the West on an "exclusive" deterrent rudely shattered, someone must come up with some kind of workable solution even if it be only a palliative. As a matter of fact, there has been only one solution open to us ever since our European Allies failed to produce a reasonable total of infantry divisions while there was still time—that is, under the protecting shadow of Hiroshima.

Hedgehog Tactics

It was England that first made the "agonizing appraisal," and came up with the answer that shook the Western World, namely: reduce conventional armaments and concentrate on the repellent power of nuclear defense. Its motivation was largely fiscal, that is, dictated by a pinched budget (though the American taxpayer, who is holding the bag, can argue that the British have reduced income taxes, and can accuse the British Welfare State of spending too much on butter, not enough on guns). But the situation is too dangerous for us to indulge in name-calling. The net effect of the British démarche was to weaken the NATO front: Denmark-Switzerland. Nuclear defense is completely negative, in that it relies only on retaliation. It is based on the simple tactics of the porcupine, the hedgehog, the whole tribe of "hystricidae" that curl up in a defensive ball and shoot out their quills in all directions. The concept is that of a one-shot gamble on, say, the destruction to be wrought by a 1,500-mile rocket (which the British haven't yet got) or the airborne delivery of atom bombs (subject to fighter interception and AAA).

There is something to be said for the British position. Their retreat to the deterrent-retaliation concept is, after all, only a local application of the general NATO-type of thinking, which has always been along these lines. Everyone should have known from the start that the deterrent might not remain "exclusive," that two can play at this kind of

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game, and that Russia would catch up by hook or crook. Well, two are playing it now; but the picture is wholly deceptive. For the British hedgehog simply does not have the quills it needs in order to sting Moscow, whereas the Soviet hedgehog can sting the West from Copenhagen to Marseilles.

Even the U.S., far more advanced than any other nation in nuclear armaments, does not yet have a mid-range or intercontinental missile—though we keep being told that these super-weapons are "just around the corner." Which brings us to the American rocket program.

Costly Controversy

We have already stated that Soviet technical advances are largely due to the pioneering of German specialists who were picked up by the Russians after Potsdam. They are, to all intents and purposes, prisoners of war, though they are treated with tact and indulgence. Fortunately, some of them were saved for the West. The sensational trial of Colonel Nickerson revealed some important details:

> In Huntsville, at the Army Ballistic Agency, we have the best missile engineering talent this side of the Iron Curtain. Dr. Wernher von Braun, the designer of Hitler's V-2 rocket. Braun and his group have developed the only successful missiles to date, the "Redstone" and the "Jupiter." . . . . There is no reason for us to be behind the Communists in the race for an intercontinental missile. Instead of using the best talent available in America, development was turned over to inexperienced Air Force contractors.

The Army's success in design is not surprising. Its ordnance arsenals have turned out superior weapons for decades. "Ballistic missiles" is just a synonym for "long-range artillery" and the Army artillery naturally has more experience at the relevant type of work than the young Air Force. The important fact to bear in mind in this bitter and costly controversy is that the Army's "Jupiter" is *tested and near-operational,* that we have bases in Europe from the Pyrenees to the Rhone, and that, therefore, a 1,500-mile range will reach beyond Moscow. In a word: the industrial heart of Russia can be brought under retaliatory counter-battery fire over and above the "deterrent" represented by the airborne attacks that, at the moment, are the mainstay of NATO. Time, however is of the essence, and the inter-service squabble violates yet another principle of war, that of "the objective."

The prevailing official posture in Washington considers the Russian threat transient and unimportant; over against it stand some who consider such a view to be sheer whistling in the dark. The "young Turks" in the Air Force, for example, point with pride to the "ring of air-bases" around Russia, and to their capacity to fly in at any time.

But the Russians pretty clearly have the equivalent of the "Allied Ring" from Riga to the Adriatic and they have twin-jet bombers and effective fighter escort. If we anticipate staging "Dresden" raids with 3,000 bombers, we shall have to count on greatly improved AA-artillery. If the British "hedgehog defense" is a solution and not a mere palliative, then it works both ways.

The Czech Salient

If and when the "Jupiter" reaches European sites, a Russian counter-model will be there to offset it. There is evidence of this from the Far East as well as Europe: the Vladivostok area has recently been closed off, and rocket sites reported north of Korea. Note both the timing and the geographical locality. Ever since the beginning of the Korean War the enemy has attempted to divert the attention of the West to remote Asia, while he was strengthening his own European position. He now repeats this game with nuclear armament: The Siberian rocket sites are a threat to intimidate Korea and Japan, but they are also a sort of "red herring" to distract our attention from something of importance that is taking place in Central Europe: the development of rocket sites in Czechoslovakia. These sites, like ours, do not require long-range rockets. The Czech salient juts deeply into Germany and the West. A 300-mile rocket, a minor improvement on Hitler's V-2, will blanket all the U.S. establishments, garrisons, depots, bases and airfields all the way from Denmark to Switzerland. And the "deterrent" of Allied bomber attacks is sharply minimized.

The Czech salient is Russia's forward position, her jump-off point in any European campaign. All the satellite armies have adopted Russian weapons and organization; with, however, an internal structure that does not go beyond the Corps (there is not even the pretense of nationally independent armies). The Czech Corps will, in other words, operate within the framework of Russian armies and the Russian General Staff.

Thus the military importance of the Czech salient as a Russian assembly area has already been demonstrated: The combination of five Russian and twelve Czech ready divisions almost equals the current total of NATO ready divisions. There are, besides, 22 Russian divisions in East Germany. The Russians, in short, do observe the principle of "mass" and that of "objective," and do so in intimate contact with the West German frontiers. In the category of "nuclear deterrents," the Czech salient is equally important. Military security officials have clamped down suddenly on many Czech localities: some 350 communities of varying sizes have actually disappeared (the official Czech Index of Municipalities lists them as "non-existent"). The depopulated area has quietly become a "restricted military zone," a part, in other words, of the Iron Curtain, and more effective in the Czech state than in Russia itself. The motivations are topographical, economic and political. The area of the uranium mines is brought under direct Russian military administration, and completely isolated from the rest of the country. The Western border is sealed off, and since it is hill and forest country, the area lends itself to underground storage depots, secret bases, and rocket sites. The role of the Czech salient in current Russian war plans is crystal clear: it is a jumping-off place for the assault, an assembly area for the massing of Russian divisions, and a bastion for covert rocket launching-sites.

The time will soon be past even for emergency measures.

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Letter from Abroad

Venice in the Rain

WM. F. BUCKLEY, JR.

The weather could not last. It was too much like rolling seven thirty times straight—though just as one sometimes does in a mad dice game, we had got to feeling that we were in command, that a great cosmic readjustment had taken place in which mind finally triumphed over matter: for just as long as we willed it, the sun would shine, and the dice roll to a stop at seven. And then we hit Venice. Thirty days of brilliant sun and moderate airs, from Tangier to Seville, Granada, Madrid, Lisbon, Barcelona, Rome, Naples, Florence, and then, stepping into the launch at the Grand Canal, we hugged our coats about us, and ducked quickly under the canvas awning to shield our faces from the icy rain and blustering wind.

Twenty-four hours later the weather had not changed, and I inferred from the evasiveness of the concierge that this is the kind of thing one must expect in Venice in late October, and there is no sense in sitting around waiting for it to change: one must get on with one's plans. But our plans were to poke around Venice by gondola and on foot, and these plans were simply unrealistic, in that weather. So it was that we learned about Venice chiefly from Mary McCarthy.

And it was a pleasure. Her book is called *Venice Observed,* and came out a year ago. It is the first of a projected series to be edited by George and Rosamond Bernier, who direct the art review *L'Oeil,* published in Paris. The idea is to bring out great handsome volumes chockfull of fine art reproductions and photographs, together with an account of the art, life, and history of the great cities of the world. Mary McCarthy got herself an apartment in Venice, read virtually every book written on Venice over the years (and there are many), looked up the multitudinous references to Venice in the writings of such of its other observers as Montaigne, Herbert Spencer, Browning, Byron and Henry James; and then, looking about for herself, she wrote a leisurely essay of thirty thousand words or so, on what she believes is the "loveliest city in the world."

This book turns the sun on Venice, a city which amazes Mary McCarthy as much as it has amazed so many other visitors (Miss McCarthy insists that nothing that she says about Venice can possibly be original, because Venice through the centuries has made exactly the same impression on everyone.)

The reason why Venice amazes is that her history is one of obsessive getting and spending, and yet notwithstanding, a city of incomparable beauty evolved; and everyone knows it is against the rules for Philistines to create beauty. In Venice there is no intellectualized appreciation of culture, and no understanding of, or curiosity about, the nature of things. The Venetians had no theory of government; but they carried in their hearts an instinctive and inextinguishable suspicion of political power.

Accordingly, the leader of the State, the Doge, who was elected (for life) by the Grand Council according to an electoral formula that would have confused Rube Goldberg, was hemmed in by checks and balances and spies that kept him if not powerless to conduct the affairs of state, powerless to aggrandize for himself or for the State. Just to make it absolutely clear what they expected of their Doges, of the fifty the Venetians elected by 1172, they executed, or maimed, or banished, or deposed, nineteen. There were very few subsequent attempts at personal empire building; indeed, a model Republic grew out of it all, a republic which Rousseau credits as having given rise to *The Social Contract.*

Venice is a beautiful city not because Venetians read *Partisan Review,* but because the Venetians liked beauty. They did not care a hang that beauty was considered a hallmark of civilization: they were too busy earning money with which to pay painters and architects to ponder such abstractions. It is natural that the kind of beauty that appealed to the Venetians was one that, in a way, bespoke a material-minded society. Indeed, the Venetians went so far as to "invent" painting for painting's sake. Up until the fifteenth century painting was primarily a form of homage, the painter's purpose being to pay tribute to God, or to his king, or patron. The Venetians were the first to paint for the sheer pleasure of beholding the painting.

Mary McCarthy recalls a passage in Burckhardt which tells the story of a Venetian nobleman who chanced to be present in Florence when the fierce Savonarola was staging one of his auto-da-fe's. The Venetian was horrified to see a great pyramid being built out of the paraphernalia of luxury deemed by Savonarola to obstruct the path to holiness—scents and toilet articles, lutes, charms, volumes of Latin and Italian poetry, some by Petrarch and Boccacio, and two entire tiers of paintings, chiefly of beautiful women. "When the pyramid was ready" for the torch, writes Miss McCarthy, "[the Venetian] offered 22,000 florins for the lot. The Florentines [not only] refused, [but] commissioned his portrait to be painted on the spot, and burned it with the rest."

"The story"—Miss McCarthy concludes her discussion of the perverse artistic productivity of this unremittingly materialist state—"I suppose, is basically anti-Venetian: that merchant had no soul, it might be argued —only an organ of cupidity. But the organ of cupidity, according to the old authorities, is precisely the eye. David looked on Bathsheba and lusted, like the elders on Susanna—a favorite theme with the Venetians. If there is some mystery in the fact of a business civilization's producing generation after generation of incomparable artists, it lies perhaps in this 'eye,' greedy for materials, for a bargain, but true as a jeweler's lens."

Granted Venice should be seen when the weather is fair. But unless you're good at doing something about the weather, take Mary McCarthy along; when you leave, the separation is not so final, if you have her book tucked away with you.

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The Context of Liberalism

At the core of American liberalism, says the author—no matter how libertarian it seemed to be—has always been the idea of compulsion

RALPH de TOLEDANO

This condensation of a chapter on the roots of American liberalism is taken from Lament for a Generation, *a work in progress. For reasons of space, much of the documentation and background have been omitted. What is here excerpted must be read in the context of the book as a whole—an intellectual biography, an* apologia pro vita mea, *and the log of a journey toward Damascus.* R. de T.

The ritual hold of liberalism is so great that one renounces with reluctance the security it affords. Along the intellectual highways, the ditches are strewn with the wrecked careers of those who rebelled against its established order. Yet for some of us the break had to be made. For it became apparent that compulsion, not liberty or respect for law, was the core of American liberalism from the very start—compulsion in the name of liberty, popular violence in the name of suasion, and force in the name of justice. (If John Brown were alive today, he would be chairman of Americans for Democratic Action.) Liberalism, in short, was "opinion in arms"—Pitt's description of the French Revolution.

It was not until I began examining the liberal Hall of Fame—and the writer-activists who fill it—that I approached an understanding of liberalism's basic tenets. Mixed into the most pious appreciations of liberty and freedom, the statist concept was a constant in their formulations. Lassalle, Fourier, the Saint-Simon who protested that in society the parts must be subordinated to the whole, Andrew Jackson and his cavalier defiance of the Supreme Court and rule by law, even Mr. Justice Brandeis in his deep conviction that "our great experiment in democracy" would fail unless the State intervened in the life of its people and "fitted its rulers for their task"—these were the men who won the affection or respect of the liberals.

The precursors of contemporary liberalism, the men who supplied mood more than idea, offered wonderful generalities to the generations to come, but in specific they were devotees of slavery and madness. The Abbé André Morellet gets less than a sentence in Edmund Wilson's *To the Finland Station,* but he endowed the French Revolution and what followed it. His *Code of Nature,* deeply influential in the eighteenth century, announced that private ownership was an "abomination and anyone trying to reintroduce it" in society should be "treated as a dangerous lunatic, an enemy of mankind, and imprisoned for life. . . ."

Babeuf and his Society of Equals sought to bring virtue and good citizenship to the world by having the State "seize upon the new-born individual" in order to "watch over his early moments." He wished, as he attacked the *Directoire,* to abolish all family life and impose complete censorship. Robert Owen believed in the common man and the dignity of labor, but was among the first of the industrialists to establish a system of factory espionage in order to get full measure from his employes —for their own good. Saint-Simon decried ideas of individual liberty and seriously believed that the vision which came to him one night of Newton as God's right-hand angel was not only true revelation but a key to the world's organization.

These men should have been greeted as the grotesques of intellectual history, the jesters in the court of ideas, the Danny Kayes of the mind whose bibbledy-babbledy should have amused, though not for long. But the romantic optimism which glorified savages and expected finished sonnets from charwomen did not consider madness a handicap to reason or political philosophy. Fourier, Saint-Simon, and the others (however schizophrenic) wrote their books, organized their fellows, and thoroughly seeded the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. "I know of no true measure of men," Mr. Justice Holmes once opined, "except the total of human energy they embody." These were energetic men—a characteristic they shared with the peripatetic citizen Tom Paine, who devoted himself to *res publica,* the public good, but ignored, in the manner of contemporary liberalism, the rights and the safety of those who might stand in opposition to the all-powerful majority. "That which a nation chooses to do," he said anticipating Hitler, "it has a right to do."

American Liberal Thought

The flow of American liberalism carried along men like Thomas Jefferson—the Jefferson who feared the past as the greatest of evils and warned against judicial restraints on Congress. But Jefferson was above the roughshod partisanship (and the vulgar deism) of Tom Paine, and he could see the dangers of urban Jacobinism and its "mobs" which acted like "sores" on the body politic.

Jefferson's sense of what Pascal called *l'esprit de finesse* (the intuitive, the human, and the concrete) as opposed to *l'esprit de géométrie* (the reasoned, the abstract, and the dehumanized) rescued him from the rapids. He remained always a man of instinct as well as a thinker. More than any political philosophy, he contributed to the nation an intuition of human worth and a hope for minimal government. But the mainstream of American liberal thought flowed straight from the Paines and the Samuel Adamses, picking up the European flotsam of doctrine and carrying it along in a river swollen

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by an overflowing watershed.

There was the populism of Andrew Jackson ("John Marshall has made his decision; now let him enforce it"); locofocoism and the class-war rhetoric of Fanny Wright; William Cullen Bryant singing a cautious Fabianism and Albert Brisbane countering with his own brand of Fourierism; the collectivist tentations of Horace Greeley as he dandled the doctrines of the "social architects"; Melville's "unconditioned democracy" and those "Social Plans" of Margaret Fuller which even Emerson hootingly called "the Age of Reason in a patty-pan"; and Emerson's own concept of an "ethical" sovereignty promising "higher rights than those of personal freedom." Certainly there were conflicts in social and philosophical thinking—Mao Tse-tung and Nikita Khrushchev pick their hundred flowers differently—and the liberals of the past often measured alike only to Procrustes. But there were also certain very basic agreements—as I discovered when the need to identify myself with liberalism ceased to intimidate me or rust the hinges of my mind. It was these basic similarities which pointed the way to socialism.

The paradoxes inherent in those similarities are Chestertonian—or Orwellian: The horrified rejection of Original Sin—and the nagging fear that man's "natural goodness" led him astray and must be tempered by a paternalistic state which feeds him, clothes him, and does not permit him to succumb to himself; the glowing dream of a house of freedom—with bars on its windows to hold in those who did not like it; the hope of an open society—so carefully blueprinted that no tolerance was allowed; suspicion of the leviathan State—and a set of economic theories which could only create a super-society.

"Dynamite Old Conceptions"

The late Herbert Croly, a distinguished liberal and the editor last to see the *New Republic* alive and well, suggested that the Constitution was outdated, and that the time would come when the "fulfillment of justifiable democratic purpose" would "demand" the limitation of those rights to which "the Constitution offers such absolute guarantees." In effect, he foresaw an antagonism between the ends of democracy and the Bill of Rights—written in as a *means to democracy* by the Founding Fathers—and he proposed a "revolutionary" solution.

By 1931, Edmund Wilson's *Appeal to American Progressives* had left Croly far behind and was in fact criticizing him for believing in "the salvation of our society by the natural approximation to socialism which he himself called progressivism but which has more generally come to be known as liberalism."

The long day was coming to a close, and Wilson had taken the first steps down the short road from liberal socialism to Communism. I had just about reached the precocious state when the *New Republic,* perched on the magazine rack of the library of my school, began to have a magnetic influence. Like many of my elders, I read the Wilson appeal:

> I believe that if the American radicals and progressives who repudiate the Marxist dogma and the strategy of the Communist Party still hope to accomplish anything valuable, they must take Communism away from the Communists, and take it without ambiguities, asserting that their ultimate goal is the ownership by the government of the means of production. If we want to prove the Communists wrong, if we want to demonstrate that the virtue has not gone out of American democracy . . . an American opposition must not be afraid to dynamite old conceptions and shibboleths and to substitute new ones as shocking as necessary.

And so the floodgates were opened. Liberalism had put aside the minimalist socialism of its childish days, turned with a snarl on the Social Democrats, and begun the rapid descent into the Popular Front. Much of the new attitude was posturing and bravado; it made John Reeds of Walter Mittys with delightful ease and no bad consequences. But the Soviet underground did not smile as it made full use of these Socialist-cum - Keynesian - cum - Communist idealists. They packed the party fronts, they opened their hearts and their pockets, they furnished protective coloration, they created an intellectual and moral climate.

On the first level were the men who never committed treason or espionage, but who like Archibald MacLeish believed that if America was promises, the Soviet Union was money in the bank. It is fashionable to excuse this folly, to say that it was unthinking boyish exuberance. But MacLeish, to single out one whipping boy, knew precisely what he was doing. He joined the other liberals, then happily engaged in their *trahison des clercs,* and participated in the organized hatreds and the campaigns of vilification against those retarded intellectuals who would not plunge into the bog after the will o' the wisp. James Rorty, whose latest public act was a journalistic attack on Senator McCarthy, once recalled in a letter to *Partisan Review* his conversations with MacLeish and his efforts to wean him away from the grip of the Stalinists in the League of American Writers. MacLeish, Rorty concluded, "was not duped or 'used' . . . He acted with full knowledge and consent. Indeed, it would appear that the danger of rape is one from which MacLeish is peculiarly exempted."

In most cases, there was little need to threaten rape. The victims were willing, even anxious, to enjoy the experience. When Stalin's deliberate liquidation of millions of kulaks in the induced famine of the 1930s brought mild protest from those few willing to meet a fact halfway, the liberals did not try to deny it. They quoted with relish what Walter Duranty cabled from Moscow to the *New York Times* and eventually formalized in his book, *I Write As I Please*:

> It may be objected that vivisection of living animals is a sad and dreadful thing, and it is true that the lot of kulaks and others who have opposed the Soviet experiment is not a happy one, but again, in both cases, the suffering inflicted is done with a noble purpose.

To those who nodded their assent, the sacredness of human life was less than a municipal ideal—and there was much comfort in Mr. Justice Holmes' equally liberal dictum that socialism would be worthy of serious consideration only when it took "life in hand" to prevent the "continuance of the unfit."

In a moral sense, this was the context of liberalism between the collapse of the stock market in 1929 and the end of the wartime alliance

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with Russia. There was, of course, the hiatus of the Hitler-Stalin pact.

But the postwar hangover—the revulsion from the love of Russia and the tacit support of Communist purpose—was neither so deep nor so lasting as some liberals would have had us believe during the McCarthy Era. In 1947, John Fischer could classify as liberals "the Progressive Citizens of America, who welcome fellow-travelers on the grounds that there is no harm in being just a little bit pregnant with Communism." Within three years, such a statement would have brought down upon him the wrath of the liberals for implying 1) that there might be the slightest connection between liberalism and Communism, and 2) that there was anywhere within the continental limits of the United States either a Communist or a fellow-traveler. Nevertheless that hangover existed.

That hangover forced liberals to move away temporarily from the front-joining salons into a henhouse of their own which they named with some aplomb Americans for Democratic Action. The sight of the Russian bear munching on the hand which had fed it during the critical war years made the term "anti-Communist" respectable—and so ADA labeled itself. Within a space of years, it had switched to the filter-tipped slogan of NCL—non-Communist Left—and had begun to define anti-Communists as those "who are attacking our traditional freedoms of conscience and expression and political opposition."

The contemporary liberals have been seized by a hysteria or passion that works against normal political intercourse and even against the decencies of life. When Dr. George S. Counts, chairman of the American Committee for Cultural Freedom, attempted to warn a colleague, Professor H. H. Wilson of Princeton, that he had been drawn into a Communist front, the rebuff was shocking to a degree which would have encouraged ostracism in another atmosphere. The Counts telegram had merely stated: "DISTRESSED TO LEARN YOUR PARTICIPATION FORTHCOMING CONFERENCE EMERGENCY CIVIL LIBERTIES COMMITTEE ARE YOU AWARE THIS ORGANIZATION A COMMUNIST FRONT WITH NO SINCERE INTEREST LIBERTY UNITED STATES OR ELSEWHERE URGE RECONSIDER." Wilson's answer was in the current tradition of scholarly discourse: "REGRET YOUR ILLNESS. SUGGEST IMMEDIATE PSYCHIATRIC CARE." The only reaction in the academic community was one of approbation for Wilson, for the sensibilities of the scholarly community had been dulled by its association with liberal power politics. Liberalism's moral nerve had atrophied.

The Ultimate Paradox

I cannot say that this—or any other—episode was the clincher in that process of alienation from the liberals which for me had begun in the war years. I had long since given up hope of finding a political, economic, or moral rationale for their behavior. Nor can I point to any one event, or series of events, which made me realize like the man in the story that there was a hair in it. The historical and personal analysis of these pages came after the fact, not before it. But among the forces influencing my flight from liberalism was the impact of the liberal switch on John Dos Passos, a writer far more serious and far more evocative than the facile Hemingway, who had been one of the idols of my formative days. A fighter against injustice and an enemy of all power concentrations, an anarchist somewhat in the rich Iberian sense but rooted also in Jefferson's "circle of felicities," Dos Passos had held to principle in the twenties, in the Popular Front thirties, and in the years which followed his break with the New Deal and the socialists. In his *Reminiscences of a Middle-Class Radical*, he touched fleetingly on the consequences of his consistency:

> When some of us, still applying the standards we had learned in trying to defend Sacco and Vanzetti and the Harlan miners, the Spanish Republicans and a hundred other less publicized victims of oppression of one sort or another, started looking with a critical but not necessarily unfriendly eye at the New institutions [of of the New Deal power complex] we got a good shellacking from the defenders of the established order for our pains. [NATIONAL REVIEW, February 15, 1956.]

The point of view and the humanity implicit in *Nineteen-Nineteen* and *The Big Money*, the repugnance to brutality and the vested interest, were all to be found in *The Grand Design* and *Adventures of a Young Man*—but the liberals who loved him for his condemnations of the House of Morgan and World War One called Dos Passos "reactionary" (or worse) for his animadversions on the Rooseveltian fulfilled premise and promise of a government which "used all its power and resources" to impose "social controls." To the liberals, from Sam Adams to Truman, there was no room for disagreement. Only obliteration could serve.

Gentle reader, I have said it: in morals, politics, and economics the context of liberalism was corrupt. And that corruption stemmed from one corrupting influence: the doctrine that all absolutes are evil with the exception of the absolute State. For the ultimate liberal paradox, the crux of the argument, was always in the absolutism which perforce derived from the relativistic. It was for no want of personal goodness or innate morality that the liberal rejected the free society and embraced the dominant State. In his heart he was no worse, no better, than other men. But in a system which held as relative all the restraints on human behavior—the values of truth, justice, honor—where could he find balance? "Science makes no attempt to study or describe reality," the sociologist Crane Brinton wrote. "Science is not even concerned with truth in the sense that the word has . . . for theologians, for a good many other people, and perhaps for common sense." And anything beyond the Cartesian was a "metaphysical fog" to the liberal. Yet there had to be some hold to reality, some clinging to authority, and this could be furnished only by the State.

It was this paradox which molded liberalism in the days of the Founding Fathers, in the mind of Rousseau, in the hands of Robespierre. It is this faith which slides underfoot through the subconscious of Vernon Parrington's massive work. Yet having rejected the serpentine way, what then? Do we echo St. John Perse:

> There has always been this clamour,
> there has always been this furor,
> And this tall surf at the pitch of
> passion always . . .

Or do we ask, as I did: *Quo vadis?*

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Letter from the Continent

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

Bonn Breaks with Belgrade

Bonn's severance of diplomatic relations with Belgrade probably came as a painful surprise to Tito. It is true that Bonn had gone on record by declaring that Western Germany would not entertain diplomatic relations with a country recognizing the Pankow Government, but it has made a notable exception by exchanging diplomats with the Soviet Union. Tito was probably convinced that Bonn, with which he has close commercial relations and which pays his country reparations for war damages, would content itself with mild protests. Yet hardly had he gone out on a limb by acknowledging the legitimacy of the Oder-Neisse boundary, when Bonn recalled Dr. Pfleiderer, the German Ambassador to Belgrade.

Tito saw in the recognition of the Pankow Government, which is the "German" signatory of the iniquitous Oder-Neisse arrangement, merely a concluding step in his policy. He perhaps expected that America would exert a certain pressure on Bonn not to put him in a situation which would force him to lean more heavily on Russia than hitherto. This was surely another of the Marshal's miscalculations. The German trade will in all likelihood be lost; the German tourists most certainly will not and cannot return to Yugoslavia. Tito probably thought that the German industrialists, who were profiting nicely from Yugoslav trade, would prevent the worst. But Konrad Adenauer is the last man whose policies could be swayed by such interests.

Tito's latest moves, moreover, were most welcome to the right-wingers of the CDU-CSU, who have always disliked the Yugoslav dictator. They had protested against payment of reparations to Yugoslavia, and had little liking for Dr. Pfleiderer, a man belonging to the left wing of the FDP, the "traitorous party" whose antics the German voters at the recent elections punished with a severely reduced confidence. Dr. Pfleiderer had always advocated a soft policy toward Russia and the satellite states. To get him out of the way, he was given the diplomatic post in a country for which he had a certain respect. Now his policy has failed visibly and he is accused of not having warned the Bonn Government about what was to come. He died suddenly before he could defend himself.

Thus it remains for us to go into the deeper reasons for Tito's two interconnected moves. In spite of his wrong guess concerning Adenauer's reaction, it would be a grave error to underestimate his shrewdness. He is playing an extremely daring game whose final aim is his own glorification. In assaying this fantastic product of our confused century it is important to keep in mind that a) Tito is an extreme Communist by upbringing and conviction, though, as a Machiavellian first and foremost, he might temporarily shelve Communism if it suited his ends; b) he is perfectly ruthless and will sacrifice friends and enemies in any number if he deems it necessary; c) he has no love for the *present* masters of the Kremlin, whom he hates as much as he despises the West; d) he is one of the three cleverest political figures in Europe—the other two being Adenauer and Cyrankiewicz.

The difficulty some people have in evaluating Tito lies in his belief in Communism and his genuine dislike for the men in the Kremlin—except for Anastas Mikoyan. Ideologically his mind works along a single track; he is a *schismatic*, but neither a deviationist nor a compromiser. His *big* dream is his own absolute domination of world Communism, a dream which he knows cannot be fulfilled; his *little* dream is an enlarged Austro-Hungarian Monarchy from the Adriatic to the Baltic and the Black Sea, a Titoist realm comprising all lands between Germany and the Soviet Union. This former noncom of the Austrian Imperial and Royal Army has been working toward that goal ever since April 1948, conspiring from Rangoon to London and from Washington to Warsaw. Controlling over 100 million people, he would be able if successful, to make history—until his demise. He is not interested in what happens after his death. He is essentially a player—a *homo ludens*, a late Renaissance figure.

Within the area wedged between Western Germany and the boundary of the Soviet Union he plays his cards quite carefully. Kadar has a Titoist background, but having had his fingernails torn out, he is now completely subservient to Moscow. Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria and Rumania are ruled by cliques hardly changed since the days of Stalinism. There remains Poland, which, under Gomulka, is Tito's most immediate hope and aim. Gomulka's visit to Belgrade brought about Tito's acceptance of the Oder-Neisse line, a not inconsiderable price to pay for the lasting friendship of the present Warsaw regime. The recognition of the Pankow Government is merely the logical completion of this policy, yet one must suspect that Tito also hopes for a chance, once he has an embassy in East Berlin, to throw out his nets in Germany's Soviet Zone.

The Zhukov visit to Belgrade was not the success the Soviets hoped for; and Tito's recognition of Pankow was a setback for the West. Coldly and furiously Tito is playing his own game, using as his base a country which, in a moral and psychological sense, is wholly fictitious. There are no "Yugoslavs," but only Croats, Serbs, Slovenes and Macedonian Bulgars, all "naturally" hating each other, but now united in a greater hatred for Tito and in an immense fear of being gobbled up again by the Soviets. This is the threat the aging Tito uses against these nationalities each time they show signs of restlessness.

But the Old Fox of Bonn he could not bluff. *Der Alte* gave Tito tit for tat and sent the Yugoslav Ambassador packing. To this story of diplomatic rupture should be attached an interesting little footnote: German interests in Yugoslavia will now be represented by *France*, not by Switzerland, Sweden or England. Europe of the six nations, in opposition to Moscow and Belgrade, is now really in the making.

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

The College of Europe

Old Bruges is the finest city of the Low Countries, and one of the most beautiful and interesting in Europe. Six centuries ago it was a great industrial and commercial town; now it drowses—despite some new industry outside its walls—among its miles of canals and misty cobbled streets. The terrible conflicts of our century have spared Bruges as if the town were under enchantment.

In Bruges, appropriately enough, there was established at the end of World War Two a unique educational foundation, the College of Europe. This is no part of the UN or its branches. It has no vast subsidies (and is housed, simply and pleasantly, in two roomy old buildings near the heart of the city); its staff, though able, is small; it accepts only thirty-five to forty students a year. Yet it may continue to have its beneficent influence long after all the grandiose schemes of UNESCO are forgotten.

The College is an institute for advanced international studies, and offers a program of serious examination of European civilization: history, sociology, geography, international economics, political theory, administrative science, constitutional law, comparative law, international law, and European affairs. It receives only graduate students in their twenties: five annually from the "Benelux" countries (a hideous bit of journalese, by the way, this "Benelux," a sad falling away from the old evocative "Low Countries"), five each from France, Italy, Germany and Britain, and one or two from other European states. A few non-Europeans Americans preferred, also are enrolled annually. A scholar of high talents, Dr. Henri Brugmans, is rector and professor of history; several distinguished European and English professors spend a part of their time at the College.

Its expenses are defrayed by modest grants from Belgium, Germany, Luxembourg, the Netherlands, France, the town of Bruges, and the European Movement's Cultural Section. There has been no American help, except for a token contribution from the Ford Foundation for the purchase of books. The aim of the College's work is primarily European, of course: "to train a body of postgraduates in a European view in the economic, political, social, juridical, and cultural spheres. It is from this body that the existing and projected European organizations will be able to choose the specialists they need."

Yet the College of Europe, in contributing toward the preservation of European culture and toward a common European front against the Soviets, deserves American interest and support. Last September, there was held at the College an impressive Conference on North Atlantic Community, sponsored jointly by the College and the University of Pennsylvania, with some two hundred Europeans and Americans attending—scholars, political leaders, serious journalists. The intention of the Conference was to provide an intellectual equivalent of NATO. It seems probable that its work will be carried on by some permanent association, probably with headquarters at the College. This is an important work, and Bruges is a suitable center for it.

As European organizations like the Coal and Steel Authority and the Common Market grow, probably the College of Europe will provide many of their more important officials. And what is still more important, the College is an expression of the unity of Europe: the symbol of a great civilization, transcending the squabbles of nineteenth and twentieth century nationalism. It is international in the best sense, without being rootless and Utopian. If it now begins to carry on in a regular fashion the work proposed by the Conference on North Atlantic Community, it may help mightily to renew and defend those subtle bonds of culture and faith which we call "Christian" or "Western" civilization.

One measure of the sound sense which governs the College is its humane scale. If anything of the sort were attempted on an American campus, the odds would be that we soon would behold the proliferation of "plant" and personnel—an enormous administration building, students' unions, swimming pools, and a swarm of janitors paid more, perhaps, than are the professors at Bruges—but, somehow, very little for the mind. If anything of the sort were undertaken by UNESCO, the odds would be that in the twinkling of an eye we would be treated to the spectacle of a hierarchical secretariat, a spate of windy manifestos, a deluge of pamphlets and magazines on glossy paper, interminable committee-meetings—yet, for all that, nothing done. Dr. Brugmans and his professors, on the contrary, are as close to the ideal of the student, Mark Hopkins and the log as any institution can get. To restore the cultural unity of Europe, there is no need of the gigantic apparatus alleged to be essential for putting an American undergraduate through the diploma-mill. All that is necessary is an old house by a canal, a handful of earnest and prudent scholars, and twoscore young men who genuinely desire (*mirabile dictu*) to learn something.

If I were a rich old man, and desired to keep my dollars out of the federal Treasury after my demise, one of the things I should do would be to found a tiny college—at Savannah, Georgia, let us say, our nearest American equivalent for Bruges. I would buy one of those great old houses in the heart of the old town of Savannah, and install six professors and forty students, and set them to talking and reading books.

I might take for an immediate practical aim the preparation of young men for the various activities of the United States overseas. And within a decade, I feel confident, that little college would be graduating more able administrators than all the graduate schools of Columbia, Harvard and Chicago combined. Into the bargain, they would be humanely educated people. But I am not a rich old man.

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ARTS and MANNERS

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

Angry, Angrier, Angriest

As I groped for my seat five minutes after curtain time, the young man over whose feet I was attempting not to stumble murmured, reproachfully, "How could you be late?" It was inconceivable to him and to the rest of the intense young to young-middle-aged audience that any one would miss a single golden word of John Osborne's explosive play, *Look Back in Anger,* opening in New York after a stormy but successful sixteen-months run in London.

Osborne, one of Britain's new literary élite of "angry young men," is the youngest of the lot, twenty-seven, and in consequence, the angriest. As a matter of fact, he's furious. Which is regrettable because with a little less fury, he might become a writer. But he isn't yet. And in his flamboyant *Look Back in Anger,* the flashes of brilliance, the well-turned epigrams, the occasional compelling dramatic efforts are, like the few objects of value in a grab-bag, submerged in a sea of mediocrities.

There is a certain crude vitality about the play, much enhanced by the performance of the three principals who handle their often all but impossible lines and gestures with consummate skill. If Mr. Osborne is to be thanked for anything, it is for providing a vehicle in which Kenneth Haigh, Alan Bates and Mary Ure (Mrs. Osborne in private life, whatever *that* means) could demonstrate their undoubted talents.

Kenneth Haigh plays the part of Jimmy Porter, the impossible young man who is, the British critics tell us, the prototype of England's new lost generation. If this is an accurate portrayal of young England, *circa* 1956, it is remarkable not that Great Britain is in trouble but that she is doing as well as she is. Jimmy Porter, his wife Alison (Mary Ure) and friend Cliff (Alan Bates) live in a scrofulous attic in an industrial city of the British Midlands. And in that scrubby room for three interminable hours (the second hour being, relatively speaking *only,* more interminable than the first and third), they talk. Or rather Jimmy talks. He talks, he rants, he sneers, he screams, he declaims, he snaps, he snarls.

He brutalizes his wife, his friend, their relatives and the world at large. He drives his pregnant wife out of their home, enters into an immediate liaison with her actress friend, whom he despises (there was some moral in this which I never did make out) and eventually agrees to take back his wife after a stomach-turning scene in which she literally grovels at his feet and implores his permission to reenter his exclusive version of Hell.

During the course of this undelectable and only occasionally moving conjugal drama, Jimmy Porter flails out at all of Osborne's pet shibboleths. And in shibboleths, Osborne has catholic tastes. How that young man fancies himself as an iconoclast, a debunker! Religion, morality, the monarchy, empire builders, the aristocracy, the middle class; he belabors them all with gusto. He has yet to discover as did, say, Dickens and Zola, and even Shaw, that social criticism in fictionalized form is successful only to the extent that the social force to be attacked is first isolated and then integrated in the story. It cannot be interpolated.

John Osborne's failure as a writer and playwright is essentially this: he lacks taste and a sense of proportion. He is intemperate. And a writer, to succeed, can be intemperate only in moderation.

He meant his play to have shock-appeal. So, like an adolescent, he uses bad words. Not only the *bitches, bastards* and *bloodys* which are standard in works of this kind, but also the more earthy *guts, belly, navel, groin, tripes, puke,* etc. And that most dreadful word of all, in Osborne's lexicon—*virgin.* How cutting he intended this phrase to be: "Anyone who's never watched somebody die is suffering from a pretty bad case of virginity." His tastelessness is nowhere better shown than in Jimmy Porter's description of his mother-in-law:

> My God those worms will need a good dose of salts the day they get through her. . . . She will pass away, my friends, leaving a trail of worms gasping for laxatives behind her—from purgatives to purgatory.

Other passages are still more vile and humorless. But that is Osborne at his worst; at his best he is incisive and even sensitive. His brief characterizations are good.

This is Jimmy, on his own Mother (middle-class and therefore despicable): "Mother was all for being associated with minorities, provided they were the smart fashionable ones."

Jimmy on Alison: "She sprang into her well-known lethargy . . ." Jimmy, on Alison's *U*-relatives: "They spend their time mostly looking forward to the past. . . ." Cliff, in explaining his reason for quitting the candy stall he and Jimmy ran together: "You're highly educated and it suits you, but I need something better." In isolated moments, John Osborne can be fun.

All this fury, this abuse of language might be forgivable if *Look Back in Anger* were, as it has been called, "the best young play of the decade"; if it were good dramatically. But it isn't. It is uneven and boring. It might be forgivable if the message it carries were so forceful it could outweigh the dramatic shortcomings. But it is the tragedy of John Osborne, Kingsley Amis, Colin Wilson, John Braine and Britain's other literary nihilists that they are rebels with little concrete to rebel against.

"There aren't any brave causes left," Jimmy Porter says at one point, and he's quite right. In the dreary egalitarianism of the welfare state, only one real revolt is still possible and that is a revolt of the Right. And Britain's young men, albeit angry, are not that mad! The best they can do is swear a vague allegiance to a socialism which Osborne recently described as "an experimental idea, not a dogma; an attitude to truth and liberty, the way people should live and treat each other."

This may be the newest luminary of the British stage; as for me, I'll take a decadent Noel Coward any day.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

A Roosevelt Rhapsody

RAYMOND MOLEY

To appreciate fully this long, confusing and confused account (*The Democratic Roosevelt,* Doubleday, $8.50) of the life and works of Rexford G. Tugwell's beloved but unreliable hero, the reader must remember that the author is a poet. His early essays in free verse, so eagerly quoted by critics of the New Deal twenty years ago, hardly do justice to the burning emotions of the man. This account is that of a bereaved troubadour.

I can offer my rather intimate personal testimony that Tugwell had unwavering ideals and principles. He was, as I knew him, a true believer in a collectivist state fairly closely modeled on the planned economy of the Soviet. For immediate purposes, he would have accepted the Attlee plans of the late 1940's. But I hasten to absolve this sensitive man from any taint of the Communism with which the world has become familiar since the death of Lenin.

In his account of the Roosevelt years he frankly makes it clear that the Hero-Statesman betrayed every political ideal and principle to which this devoted disciple was and apparently still is dedicated. Thus the book becomes a bit of primary history which more clear-headed and practical Rooseveltians will find puzzling and unwelcome. For in the last analysis it documents any number of the basic propositions and conclusions concerning Roosevelt which have been dwelt upon by such critics as John T. Flynn.

Roosevelt's fantastic "attitudinizing" while in the Wilson Administration is offered as an unvarnished story of general insubordination, so far as the Hero's relations with Secretary Daniels was concerned. No wonder that the elders in the Wilson Administration—Baker, McAdoo, Glass, and others—always distrusted the youthful and socially virile Assistant Secretary!

Perhaps that is why Roosevelt held a permanent grudge against so many of his official associates of the Wilson days. For this was, indeed, according to Tugwell, a man who, despite the veneer of good manners and good nature, "was inclined to regard criticism as unfriendly at best and malicious at worst. . . . The implication was that he felt himself entitled to privilege, the privilege of one who was exempt from criticism. . . . He had an elephant's recall for injury."

If this were in evidence in the early years, we should not be surprised at what happened after he had been subjected to the flattery and perquisites that fall upon a President. Already in the latter days of my own contact with him—and that was as early as 1935—he would seek to end an argument by mentioning that "I, the President of the United States . . ."

The great betrayal of the early New Deal, Tugwell says quite correctly, took place in the years 1935-1936. On this point a bit of personal explanation is essential. As Tugwell says, I took him to Albany to meet Roosevelt in the early spring of the great year of decision, 1932. That meeting was a day of destiny for him. His black pessimism turned to faith in the future, and that faith entwined itself around the personality of the Hero. Perhaps he failed to see the opportunism that permitted Roosevelt to listen eagerly and agreeably to Tugwell's explanations of his economic planning ideas, while deploring them in later conversations with more conservative advisers.

My selection of individuals who were to assist in the policies to be proclaimed in the 1932 campaign was not based upon my own agreement with their views. The selections which I made, with a free-enterpriser like General Hugh Johnson at one end of the spectrum and collectivist Tugwell at the other, indicate that what I sought was an amalgam essential to the winning of a Presidential campaign.

After a fair review of ideas and theories during the spring and early summer of 1932, there came the tough business of the campaign. The early group, popularly known then as the Brain Trust, fell into disuse. I had with me, to the end, hard-headed realists such as Senators James F. Byrnes and Key Pittman of Nevada, Bernard Baruch and Hugh Johnson. Tugwell had little to do with the campaign after midsummer. In fact, he deplored the conservative trend in the candidate's utterances.

Already in the latter days of my own contact with him—and that was as early as 1935—he would seek to end an argument by mentioning that "I, the President of the United States . . ."

After the inauguration, Tugwell was busy with the Department of Agriculture and with the many experiments that issued from there. However, as things developed, he and I were in fundamental agreement on international economic policy, and before long, as he says in this book, we discovered that Roosevelt had deceived us. We believed in a measurable isolation of the American economy from international influences,

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but for wholly different reasons. Tugwell felt that a planned American economy was impossible without protection from foreign competition. I believed in protecting certain domestic industries because I believed in a self-regulating system of free enterprise.

As Tugwell says, the first intimation of betrayal was Roosevelt's surrender to Hull and other internationalists in the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act.

After that, Tugwell's ideal of what he calls "holism" was scuttled by the President. "Holism" in the context means the treatment of the economy as a whole for the purpose of national planning imposed by federal authority.

In 1935 and 1936 the influence of believers in what Tugwell calls "atomism" attained control of White House thinking. The arch-priest of this alternative to "holism" was Mr. Justice Brandeis, who by no means regarded his position on the Supreme Court as a bar to the exercise of plenty of influence at the White House. Frankfurter was the major disciple of Brandeis, and Corcoran and others were the leg and muscle men. This new group eliminated Tugwell in 1937.

After three years, Hopkins in turn eliminated the "atomists." Brandeis died and Frankfurter went to the Supreme Court. Corcoran was sent packing. Then Hopkins accompanied the Hero in a real orgy of what Tugwell earlier calls Roosevelt's "chauvinism." All New Deals were discarded, and the Hero went forth to save the world.

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Tugwell offers plenty of material for doubt concerning the sincerity of Roosevelt's desire to keep us out of war. Apparently Pearl Harbor might have been foreseen, and also the President was busier in thinking of what immediate advantage might be

taken in swaying public opinion toward war in case of a Japanese attack than he was in seeking ways to avoid such an attack.

But by that time Tugwell was reconciled to internationalism, no doubt because of the obvious fact that war would bring back "holism" in khaki. For war is the mother of statism.

Thus there is presented in this frank recital a portrait of Roosevelt which is almost true to life. It is the portrait of a man who improvised policies as it suited his personal political fortunes. A man who alienated most of the true Progressives who in the beginning supported him, including Hiram Johnson, Bronson Cutting, Burton Wheeler, Floyd Olson, and, to a degree, the La Follette brothers. A man whose earlier career was marked by mediocrity and shifty principles, who jumped from one extreme of economic policy to the other, and who eagerly accepted war, and, being in war, made several disastrous decisions which not only lengthened hostilities but imposed upon the whole world a state of tension which still prevails.

All this is substantially admitted by Tugwell, but his loyalty to the person remains unshaken. Since he devotes considerable space to a lament upon my failure to remain loyal to Roosevelt and to an exposition of his strange conception of the right of a leader "to exploit others," I shall allow myself a personal note here. He says: "I could not say how many times since 1939 I have been asked: 'What happened to Ray Moley?' I do not yet know how to answer."

I have provided that answer in three books, in thousands of newspaper and magazine articles. Perhaps for the benefit of inquiring people I can summarize. And in this summary, my facts are substantially explicit or implicit in Tugwell's own account.

In the first place, I discovered very early that Roosevelt's word could not be trusted. This I was willing to live with, since I could always maintain vigilance and check facts for myself. Next, I discovered during the famous London Economic Conference that he could ruthlessly abandon a subordinate who was attempting to carry out his own instructions. This I could also take, since I had already made plans to leave the Administration. But after attempting to help him unofficially to make his major speeches and messages coherent, I discovered in 1935 and 1936 that he was seeking to create a new socialist-labor party under the name Democratic, and as a means to that end was willing to enlarge and excite class antagonisms. This was too much, and I thereupon publicly registered my opposition.

Apparently Tugwell believes that personal loyalty should take precedence over loyalty to one's conception of the public interest. For he says that to a true follower "nothing he [the leader] does can be unacceptable. It may be wrong in a follower's judgment; he may argue against it and harbor reservations afterward, but he must accept it in good faith and go on with the work there is to do."

Tugwell adds that "Ray could not find that kind of loyalty in his heart."

This could not more accurately answer the question which Tugwell says he cannot answer. No one, not even Roosevelt himself, could question my loyalty to him up to and including September 7, 1933 at high noon. From then to now, my loyalty has been and is to those people who are concerned in what I write as a journalist. I am quite content to let them make their own judgment on that score.

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Cheerful Little Earful

ROBERT PHELPS

Talents and Geniuses (Oxford, $5.00) is the third collection of Gilbert Highet's radio talks to be made into a book, and in its forty essays, he is again discussing writers, writing, the arts in general, and a nice, self-satisfying something which his subtitle calls "the pleasures of appreciation." As always, he is a quick, easy, flattering cicerone, and people will buy his book for the same reason they buy frozen pizza-pies which only have to be popped into the oven for ten minutes before serving.

He can look at Etruscan tombs, Picasso's murals, or William Faulkner's face, and make all three equally cheerful and edifying. He can admire Colette's prose, deplore Baron Corvo's pride, or conclude that Huysmans "lacked love" with the same untroubling ease that soothes, relaxes and amuses his readers. There can hardly be a subject which he cannot water down, smooth out and pretty up until it is presentable enough to appear in living rooms throughout the land.

I remember, in one of his earlier books, a passage in which Mr. Highet analyzed the word "kitsch." "Kitsch," he said derived from a Russian word meaning vulgar show-off. In literature, that which is "kitsch" is obviously bad, yet it is not only somehow memorable, but its "writer is sincere. He feels he has a lofty spiritual message for the world." I used to think that Mr. Highet was simply one of our purest "kitsch" writers, but I tend more and more to doubt this. I think he is neither that vulgar, nor that sincere. He knows perfectly that he is engaged in a middlebrow, middleman's racket of reducing everything he loves to mediocrity. But he will not desist.

In one of his present essays, discussing John Malcolm Brinnin's portrait of Dylan Thomas in America, he says:

> As we read this book, and realize that it is the story of a man who was, in spite of his remarkable talents, busily and almost incessantly engaged in killing himself with drink, we have to ask, *Why?* . . . . if one loves poetry, and his poetry in particular, one will be shocked and saddened . . . and compelled to ask, again and again, *Why?*

I was not at all shocked, nor especially saddened by *Talents and Geniuses*, and yet I kept asking myself the same question about Mr. Highet's own activity. It is not surprising that people read him, any more than it is surprising that people consult Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, or use powdered coffee, capsuled vitamins and frozen orange juice. But it does seem to me curious that Mr. Highet should spend so much of his time digesting literature.

After all, he is not just a struggling journalist who has found a profitable vein to work in, as, say, Mr. Mike Wallace has made himself a good business out of asking slightly discomforting questions in television interviews. On the contrary, Gilbert Highet is a distinguished scholar, teacher and translator. He has written an authoritative study of Juvenal and holds the Anthon Professorship in Latin literature at Columbia University. Nor can he be urgently poor. As one of his most engaging essays in the present book admits, his wife is a successful novelist in her own right.

I should think—with all these undiluted gratifications in his life—Mr. Highet would be content. Why not continue to be simply a first-rate scholar and an admired teacher? Why these little talks for Helen Hokinson's club presidents? Why this trespassing into a field for which, plainly, the good Lord expressly created Clifton Fadiman?

Mr. Highet had four separate answers to his question about Dylan Thomas. (I won't go into them here; suffice it to say that they are plausible, inoffensive, tidy, etc.) But my own not too intensive meditation on Mr. Highet has yielded only the obvious answer. Here, too, it would appear that the "last infirmity of noble mind" is fame. His book on Juvenal

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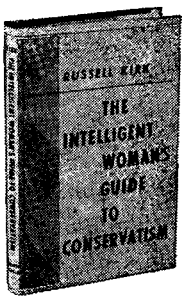

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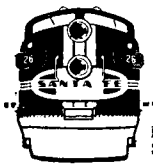

R. T. Anderson, Gen'l Pass. Traffic Mgr.
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did not bring him the "huge mass of correspondence from friendly readers and listeners" that his broadcasts have. And perhaps a best-selling wife in the household is a spur, as well, to be more than a hero in the scholarly journals.

But the fact remains, in a book like *Talents and Geniuses* an awful lot is missing that is present in the author of Mr. Highet's better books. The omission is conscious, a matter of choice and will. And when a man's work lacks something which has been suppressed by his own hand—no matter what the reason is—he himself sooner or later will be the sufferer for it.

REVIEWED IN BRIEF

DRIVE, by Col. Charles R. Codman (Little, Brown, $5.00). This is *not* a book for former enlisted men. There is far too much in it of good times had by staff officers, and far too little of Gen. Patton (whose aide-de-camp Col. Codman was) and the war he conducted so brilliantly. But if one believes, as this reviewer definitely does, that Patton was our best battle commander since the Civil War, anything about him is worth reading. He has been largely ignored by the biographers and even the historians, possibly because, were Patton given his due, it would have to be subtracted from another reputation. But as Patton's armies got through in spite of orders and/or enemies, so Patton, the fighting man, comes through Codman's rambling narrative. And what a man! Patton loved war and he had a fighter's intuition. The most spectacular example: Patton, says Codman, immediately guessed German intentions in the Battle of the Bulge and began moving troops northward. Three days later, at a staff conference, Eisenhower asked: "George, when can you start up there?" "Now." "You mean today?" "I mean as soon as you are finished with me here." There was a pause. J.P.M.

THE PURSUIT OF THE MILLENIUM, by Norman Cohn. (Essential, $9.00). This unreasonably priced book traces from an economic viewpoint —as Ronald Knox's *Enthusiasm* did from a psychological viewpoint —the rise of certain types of religious fanaticism. But by considering only one aspect of the millenial cults, that which links them to Fascist and Communist tyrannies, Mr. Cohn (unlike Knox) gives to these colorful men and movements the flat sameness of a frieze. Further, this concentration of interest is not balanced by a more inclusive view; Mr. Cohn does not put in their place—always a subsidiary and illogical one—the practical drives that can unite with a mysticism *too* unworldly. By considering principally the socialist element in severely anti-social kinds of religious escapism, he gives an impression of these movements (and draws from them a moral) the exact opposite of their true significance. G. W.

TRAFALGAR, by René Maine (Scribner's, $4.50). The French author of this first-rate book may have established some kind of record for his race in writing about Napoleon without hero worship. He mercilessly brings out the Emperor's woeful shortcomings as a Chief of Naval Operations. Also he heartily subscribes to what has for a century and a half been considered in England a basic historical fact: that Trafalgar, not Moscow or Waterloo, was the key to Bonaparte's downfall. The book is splendidly done, and the bloody climactic scene should be worth the consideration of Hollywood. M. M. G.

FAR FLIGHT OF LOVE, by Robert Raynolds (Pageant Press, $3.00). Robert Raynolds' idyll of love in Santa Fe is a pleasant tale. It is not, and does not pretend to be, a very profound novel; nor does its style entirely come off. Nevertheless, it is astonishing that an established writer like Mr. Raynolds should have been unable to find a commercial firm to publish his book. It is better than many that *are* published every year; but it is very much out of fashion—a straightforward love story without prurience. Which is, apparently, the reason. F. S. M.

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To the Editor

Mr. Chambers on the Middle East

The first contribution to NATIONAL REVIEW by the author of *Witness* [October 26] is not likely to be matched for accuracy and brevity in any other publication. The power of his mind "peering in a cow pasture" has encompassed and nutshelled all of the diverse and multiplying perils in the Middle East.

During twenty-four years with Arabs and Jews, both of whom I held in high esteem, I acquired some knowledge of their similar traditions, customs, and languages. A major sorrow was that fear and hope were so one-sided: the Jews hoping, without fear; the Arabs fearing, without hope. And forever pitting each against the other were the Reds, blowing on the embers of mutual suspicion.

Since 1945 I have regarded Western words and actions in the Middle East with deepening despair. But, thanks to NATIONAL REVIEW, we now have an accurate picture of the political impasse. . . .

La Mesa, Cal. WILLIAM J. MILLER

Judge Irving Kaufman's Due

Friends, whose judgment in such matters I respect highly, advise me that my September 28 article, "For Services Rendered," may have inadvertently done an injustice to the sentencing judge in the Rosenberg case.

The article dealt with the United States Board of Parole's refusal for the fourth time to grant conditional release to David Greenglass, whose cooperation with the FBI helped destroy the atom spy ring, at a time when—because of recent Supreme Court decisions—FBI-hating Communists by the dozens were being released from jail or from prosecution.

At any rate, I have been reliably informed that it would be improper for Judge Irving R. Kaufman to intervene with the parole board, even though, having originally sentenced Greenglass to fifteen years, he were so inclined. Moreover, it is important to note that ever since the Rosenberg case, Judge Kaufman has been the target of violent left-wing abuse; and I, for one, would be the last person to criticize a jurist whose courage in facing up to the Communists and their still-powerful propaganda apparatus can only be admired.

New York City VICTOR LASKY

"By Love Possessed"

It did not seem to me that Mr. Buckley did full justice to *By Love Possessed* [October 26]. The persons in, and plot of, *Othello* and *King Lear* may be made to seem unreal and abnormal by an unsympathetic summary of the bare plot. Yet we all know people of whom the characters in these plays are enlarged models; so it is with the characters in *By Love Possessed.*

I agree with Mr. Buckley that a deep hostility toward the supernatural animates the book and partially accounts for its popular reception. Atheistic humanism was never more unflinchingly presented.

The assumption that Mr. Cozzens knows the law was unfounded. At the end of the book he makes a serious mistake in trust law by making Arthur Winner legally liable for his partner Tuttle's past embezzlements. As Tuttle committed the embezzlements as a trustee, not as Winner's partner, Winner had no liability for them.

Brookline, Mass. JOHN T. NOONAN, JR.

Mr. Buckley is so right in his appraisal of *By Love Possessed.* It does not ring true, and leaves an evil taste in the mouth. What a tragedy that so gifted a writer should have spent his talent on such a production, when the world needs so badly writings of his compelling readability which [might] inspire his readers in place of degrading their minds and their appraisal of our country.

Waterbury, Conn. ALAN L. DAVIS

Whose New Testament?

Persistent reiterations of the connection between freedom and Christianity occur in the NATIONAL REVIEW, especially in the writings of Willmoore Kendall, Frank Meyer, Richard Weaver. A few thoughts of my own may help.

Personal freedom . . . is surely the outcome of influencing one's fellow men without violence. . . . This is the most widely accepted interpretation of the saying in the New Testament, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." The emphasis is on . . . two-way exchange.

Nevertheless, extravagant and curious methods of carrying out this injunction have developed in the history of the Christian Church. . . . Theologians have inculcated the precept of doing much, much more for your fellow man than he seems to be capable of doing for you. Result: mediaeval Crusades, organized wars against heretics, witch-burning, contemporary confusions about the Christian content of Communism. Most writers for NATIONAL REVIEW know of these historical episodes but do not mention any save the last.

Why not call a spade a spade and rally round the New Testament instead of all this haughty intellectual talk about Christianity?

Washington, D.C. J. D. BRYNES

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